

Chapter 7 Gabrielle Fainted

Sloane was a good cook, so the three simple dishes and soup she prepared were very delicious. Soon enough, she and Gabrielle sat at the dining table to eat dinner.

"Gabrielle, eat more. I haven't seen you for only a few days, but you already seem to lose a lot of weight. Is Westley starving you?" As Sloane spoke, she picked up some meat with the chopsticks and put them on Gabrielle's plate.

Gabrielle was at a loss after hearing what Sloane said. She didn't know whether to laugh or to cry. "Of course not. Westley gives me enough food. It's just that I'm worried about Bryce. I don't know where he is right now, and I can't get in touch with him."

Mentioning Bryce's name made her feel depressed at once. She had been having a hard time sleeping and eating well since he was gone.

Sloane gave her a hesitant look. "Gabrielle, do you still have feelings for Bryce?" 9

Before she could answer Sloane's question, her phone suddenly rang loudly.

"Sloane, I'm sorry. I have to answer this first."
" Gabrielle put down her chopsticks and

hurried to the living room to get her phone. She silently prayed that it was Bryce this time.

As soon as he called her and was willing to come back, then no matter what he had done before, she would forgive him.

"Hello?"

"It's me!" A cold and indifferent voice came through from the other end of the line that made Gabrielle shiver.

In her ears, only Westley possessed this kind of voice.

"What's the matter?" Her joy was extinguished by his voice.

"What's the matter? What time is it now?"

"It's... eight o'clock."

"Don't you think it's still early now? Where are you?"

"I'm in..."

But before she could finish her words, he interrupted, "It's been a long time. Even if you have to crawl, you should have been back home by now. Are you deliberately pissing me off?"

"No, I'm not!"

"Gabrielle, make sure that you are home in half an hour!" Westley then hung up the phone without even giving her a chance to retort.

Gabrielle stood there in a daze, clutching the phone in her hand. Her body was still trembling. He had just vented his anger on her again.

Their marriage was only a pretense, and she was just a substitute wife. Would it make any difference whether she lived at his house at night or not? ③

"Gabrielle, what's wrong? Who called?" Sloane asked with concern when she saw the frightened look on Gabrielle's face.

When Gabrielle didn't answer, she asked again, "Was it Westley?"

Gabrielle nodded. "Yes, it was him. He told me to go home in half an hour."

"Seriously? You haven't even eaten much yet. Why in such a hurry? Let's finish our dinner first before you go. Actually, I am thinking of letting you stay here tonight," Sloane said with a frown.

Gabrielle wanted to stay. But when Westley's angry face flashed in her mind, she suddenly

had the urge to leave at once.

"I'm sorry, Sloane. I really have to go now. If I'm late, that demon from hell will get angry. I'm sure I will suffer a lot if that happens." She quickly picked up her handbag and was about to leave.

"Let me drive you home then."

"No, Sloane. Don't bother. I'll just take a taxi. I'll come to see you next time."

Gabrielle then went downstairs in a hurry and hailed a taxi. Fortunately, she arrived in Vineyard Villa, which was their new house, just in time.

"Miss Jones, you're back." The moment she entered the villa, Neil, the butler, greeted her.

"Neil, I'm sorry for coming home late," she immediately apologized.

"Gabrielle! I gave you half an hour to come home. You're one minute late!" Westley's cold voice resounded through the house. 9

Gabrielle subconsciously turned around and saw his tall figure emitting a cold aura.

She was about ten meters away from him, but she felt a chill rising from the soles of her feet, making her tremble.

"Westley, I went to..."

"Gabrielle, if you are wrong, you are wrong. No need to find excuses to explain. Can you cook?" She was about to explain, but he interrupted her rudely. Obviously, he wasn't interested to hear anything she would say.

Feeling aggrieved, she could only bit her lower lip and shut up. But then, she remembered his question, so she answered, "Yes, I can cook a few dishes."

"Go and cook. I want dinner to be ready in half an hour. Don't let me down this time." Westley then turned around and went back upstairs.

Gabrielle was left in a daze. Did he ask her to go home just to cook for him? Why did he need to be so rude?

Besides, they had several cooks and servants here.

Gabrielle glanced around and saw Neil walking up to her.

"Miss Jones, the kitchen is over there. Let me take you there."

Left with no choice, she followed him to the kitchen.

It was her first time to enter this part of the

villa, and she was amazed. It was very spacious, with all kinds of state-of-the-art kitchen appliances and utensils. When she opened the fridge, her mouth gaped upon seeing that it was full of supplies and ingredients.

"Miss Jones, do you really know how to cook?" Neil asked tentatively.

Since Gabrielle was the daughter of the Jones, he had the impression that she didn't know anything about household chores. After all, women from affluent families nowadays only loved to party, travel, and go shopping.

"Well, yes."

"All right. I'll leave you here then. But if you need anything, call me again."

"Okay."

As soon as Neil left, Gabrielle checked the available ingredients in the fridge. She then took out some shrimps, beef, and vegetables. Then she washed them.

She honed her cooking skills because she had been wanting to cook for Bryce. In fact, his favorite dishes had become her specialties.

For her, the saying "The way to a man's heart is through his stomach." made sense.

So she wanted to conquer Bryce's heart through her cooking skills. But unfortunately, she didn't get the chance to cook for him. She didn't expect that Westley would be the first man to eat the food she would cook. ②

Gabrielle took a deep breath. Thinking of Bryce again made her feel depressed.

But there was nothing she could do. She cut the beef with so much strength as if it was her way of relieving her emotions.

Westley was actually in a bad mood today. When he returned to his office earlier, he had a video conference with the commerce minister. Then he called for a meeting several times because he was not satisfied with the plans presented by his subordinates. He asked them to revise their presentations until he finally found them acceptable. As a result, all of them had to work overtime. When he came home, Neil told him that Gabrielle was not home yet, so he got angrier.

After taking a shower, Westley decided to go downstairs. He heard a loud noise coming from the kitchen, so he got curious.

He pushed the kitchen door open and walked in. When he saw the scene in front of him, he couldn't help asking, "Gabrielle, are you going to demolish this kitchen?" ②

There was silence. But the kitchen counter was in a mess. The vegetables that had not been put in the pot yet scattered on the table. On the floor, Gabrielle lay with her eyes closed and a spatula in her hand. It seemed that she was unconscious.

"Gabrielle!" He called her name loudly. However, she didn't respond.

Westley walked up to Gabrielle and looked down. "Wake up, Gabrielle. If you don't want to cook for me, just tell me. Don't pretend to be dead." He squatted down and patted her on the face. But still, there was no response.

"What happened to Miss Jones?" Neil also heard the noise, so he rushed to the kitchen. He was still in shock to see the scene and he blurted out.

"Her face is so red. Did she get burn or she has a fever?" he muttered subconsciously. When Gabrielle came home just now, he had already noticed that something seemed to be wrong with her.

Westley reached out his hand and touched her forehead. She was so hot that he felt like his hand was scalded. It startled him. She was really sick and not just pretending. He quickly picked her up and walked out of the kitchen. ②

Before he took her upstairs, he turned to Neil

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and said, "Neil, call Remy to come here immediately!"



Chapter 8 This Woman

Gabrielle lay on the bed, sweating nervously. With a thermometer in hand, Remy Davis stood at the edge of the bed. He turned his head to look at Westley, who was standing with his arms crossed against his chest.

"She is running a high fever. Her temperature is thirty eight point eight degrees Celsius. I need to give her an injection to bring it down."
" Westley nodded indifferently. Remy reached into his medical box and began preparing the injection.

While he pulled the solution into the syringe, he remarked, "Didn't you get married yesterday, Westley? Can you think of why your new wife could have gotten a fever suddenly? Did you guys..." Remy halted, unsure if it was appropriate to address their sexual life. ①

"No, I haven't touched her. I am not hungry for random women. I don't know how she got a fever. It's her own business. She is anyway very clumsy and careless." ⑤

Westley's irritation could be seen clearly.

Remy pursed his lips and nodded. He didn't understand why Westley would speak like that about his own wife, but he chose to remain silent.

Westley was his good friend. They had known each other for many years. Remy knew how short tempered he was. If he really hated this woman, he would never marry her in the first place. 2

"Westley, I understand that there is some tension between you two. If you really didn't care for her, you didn't have to call me here."

Why couldn't he just let her be?

"Remy, since when have you started indulging in such nonsense? I asked you to come here to check her. You will be the one to blame if she dies in her fever. She is my wife now. I called you out of duty."

"I understand, Westley. I think you can get Nellie back soon, even if she has fled to space!"

With that, Remy injected the syringe into Gabrielle's arm. She took it quite well. Her eyes were closed. She did not stir, nor did she wince.

Westley kept silent, exhaling loudly. The more he looked at her face, the more annoyed he got.

Gabrielle had the same thoughts as Remy. Westley really could find Nellie in no time if he wanted to. But he just sat there doing nothing.

Remy sped up and dabbed the spot on her arm where the needle had entered her.

When he was done, he started again, "Westley, I know there are some words you don't like to hear, but..."

"Then don't say it. You've done your job, Remy, let me show you out," said Westley in a cold tone.

Remy shook his head with a smile. Westley could be impossible, sometimes. "I know it's Nellie's fault, but you shouldn't bring innocent people in this mess."

"Innocent people? You think Gabrielle is innocent? No one in the Jones is innocent. It is her brother who took Nellie away. You don't think Gabrielle already knew about it? Bryce made a mistake. She deserves to suffer for Bryce." Westley sneered. He was convinced none of them were innocent. He could give them no second chance. 3

He thought Gabrielle was only pretending to be clueless of her brother's plan.

Seeing the veins popping on Westley's forehead, Remy did not irk him further.

"Gabrielle's fever should be gone in some time. She should rest well for at least two days. I will have to leave now. She has a drip

attached to her wrist. Can you pull it out when it's done? If you can't, I'll ask Neil to do it," said Remy as he packed his bag.

He put some medicines down on the bedside table, and wrote a note about when and how to take them. Gabrielle could read and understand by herself. Ordinarily, a doctor would have informed the details to the husband but it was clear Westley would not like that at all.

"I can do it, Remy. You know I'm as good as you when it comes to needles," said Westley, staring deep into Remy's eyes.

Instead of feeling challenged, Remy smiled calmly. "The IV bag should be done in about half an hour and the needle needs to be pulled out by then. Make sure you do it in time, any later and there would be blood."

"When did you become so long-winded, Remy?" Westley was impatient. He could not wait for him to leave. ①

"Westley, you should really vent your anger on the person who has wronged you, not on who is innocent."

"Neil, see the guest out!" Westley suddenly exclaimed.

"Remy, please." Neil appeared quickly, and showed Remy the way.

"Thank you, Neil. Call me if you need anything." Remy walked out instantly. He did not want to stay here another second long.

Westley and Gabrielle were the only two people in the room now. Perhaps because of the fever, Gabrielle's beautiful face was flushed. Her cheeks were red, making her look cute. 2

Remy had not been able to tell the cause for Gabrielle's fever. Westley too had no idea how she had fallen sick.

When he had left her on the roadside, she had been completely okay. Could it be that this was her strategy to gain his sympathy? 2

Unable to understand what was up, he dialed Alvin's number.

"Hello, Mr. Morris!" answered Alvin after just one ring. Alvin was Westley's special assistant. He was available to him for twenty hours a day.

"Alvin, find out what Gabrielle was doing outside today."

"On it, Mr. Morris."

After hanging up, Westley looked at Gabrielle again. No matter what Remy had said, Bryce's actions had brought this on his

family.

Suddenly, he called Alvin again. "No need to investigate, Alvin. It doesn't matter..."

While Westley was fidgeting, Gabrielle was sound asleep. She dreamt of the time when she was in the orphanage, and later when she came to Bryce's home as his sister. In the dream, she saw Bryce disappearing with another woman, leaving her alone with a devil.

The devil was giant and filthy. He opened his bloody mouth, ready to devour and swallow her.

"No, no!" Gabrielle shouted. Suddenly, she was screaming "No!" in her sleep. Sweating, she woke up with a jerk.

The light in the room was very bright. She blinked rapidly to adapt to it. She found herself in the bedroom with Westley. Several words like 'Happiness', 'Love' and 'Joy' were mounted on the walls. She recalled she was married to this man. It was both dizzying and dazzling.

She now remembered she had come back home in a hurry to cook dinner for Westley. She had been feeling heavy-headed. She couldn't recall what had happened once she reached home. Perhaps she had fainted?

"Are you awake?" A cold voice fell in her ears. Gabrielle looked up and saw Westley walking in from the balcony.

His cold face and dark eyes looked similar to that of the devil she saw in her dream.

"Westley, what's wrong with me?" Gabrielle saw the hemostatic tape on the back of her hand. She knew it was applied only after the infusion and withdrawal of a needle.

"Gabrielle, don't try to evade your responsibility by being sick. I did not marry you so you could be the hostess of this house and enjoy the benefits of life here." Westley looked at her coldly.

Gabrielle was still dizzy. She was confused and didn't understand what he was trying to say.

"Westley, please be clear. I don't mean to be the hostess of your house." ²

Gabrielle's eyebrows creased as she looked at the man stubbornly.

She had never wanted to marry him! How could he accuse her like this? She would rather be the adopted daughter of the Jones all her life!



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Chapter 9 Whoever Touches It Will Die

Westley looked back at Gabrielle with indignation. There was stubbornness on her face but she was trying hard not to cry. Her eyes had already brimmed up, lips wobbling.

Westley hated when people cried. He thought they only did it for sympathy. A lot of people tried this with him but it never stir him.

Gabrielle was such a scheming woman. 10

"Gabrielle, you better have a clear estimation of yourself. This villa is not to serve idle people like you."

Westley was unaffected by her tears. He continued to look at her firmly.

"What do you mean?"

Gabrielle asked, confused. She failed to understand what he was trying to warn her for. She had no interest in his villa or his family.

"You'll know it by tomorrow," said Westley as he left the room, slamming the door behind him.

Gabrielle was still in a daze. She just wanted to close her eyes. Maybe then this would all

become a dream again. She was about to fall into slumber when she heard a knock on the door.

"Miss Jones, it's me."

"Come in, Neil." Gabrielle sat up in the bed and regained her composure.

Neil gently pushed the door open and came in with a tray in his hand. On it there was a bowl of congee with some pickles, a glass of milk and a glass of water.

"Mr. Morris informed me you are awake, so I brought you something to eat. Are you feeling better? I bet you're hungry!" said Neil cheerfully as he put the tray down on the bedside table.

He saw that Gabrielle's face was not as pale as the night before. She looked much better, her natural blush had returned to her cheeks.

When she fainted in the kitchen last night, she looked terrible. Neil had been scared.

"Thank you, Neil. I'm much better now. I'll eat later." Gabrielle was so grateful to Neil for taking care for her. She had never been treated this well in the Jones because she was adopted. This care and concern was new for her.

"Well, Miss Jones, if you need anything,

please feel free to call me."

"No need, thank you, Neil. You can go to bed now. It's late." It was three o'clock in the morning! She felt bad to have kept him awake the entire night.

"Okay, then I'll go downstairs."

"By the way, where is Westley?"

Gabrielle asked, slightly hesitant.

Westley had just left the room in a spur. She didn't know whether he was coming back at all.

"Mr. Morris is in the room next to the study. He is resting. That's where he usually rests. Do you have a message for him?"

"I see. No, I just wanted to know where he was... thank you again, Neil." Gabrielle understood that this wasn't Westley's bedroom. It was only another guest room that was temporarily used as their wedding room.

She was actually happy to know that! She still hadn't adapted to the fact that Westley was her husband.

Even if he was a fake one.

"Miss Jones, I'll go now. Please eat and rest

well," said Neil and left.

Gabrielle had been sweating abnormally as her fever went down. She took a shower first, then ate and drank everything Neil had brought. Only after taking the first bite did she realize she was famished.

At the end, she was so full that she decided to walk in the balcony.

She took her phone along and found that there were several missed called and unread WeChat messages from Austin and Sloane.

Austin had asked her how and why she had married Westley. She sighed, wondering how she could explain it all. It was all fate's cruelty. She was only paying off her brother's debts by sacrificing herself, but she could never tell this to Austin.

On the other hand, in all her messages Sloane was asking Gabrielle why she wasn't answering her phone.

Gabrielle thought for a while and decided to reply.

She wrote, 'Hey, Sloane. I was a little tired and went to bed early.'

To her surprise, her phone rang as soon as she sent out the text. Turned out, Sloane hadn't slept.

Gabrielle saw her name flickering on the screen, and summoned the strength to answer it.

"Hey, Sloane."

"Gabrielle, what's going on? Are you okay? You got drenched in the rain this afternoon. Did you catch a fever and go to bed early? Why are you awake at this hour? Did Westley bully you? Did he... Huh?" Sloane bombarded her with a series of questions.

Gabrielle's head ached, but she was moved. Sloane truly cared for her from the bottom of her heart. But her last question made her feel helpless.

"Sloane, you're thinking too much. Westley hates me and my brother. He vents all his hatred on me. He would skin me if he could. And he hasn't... touched me, if that's what you're asking. And yes, I went to bed early because I caught a fever,"

Gabrielle said in a low voice.

Given how much Westley hated Bryce, he was being kind enough to her by not strangling her with his own hands.

"Gabrielle, you can't be so sure. After all, you are so smart and beautiful. Any man's heart can change seeing a beautiful woman around every day... just take care,"

said Sloane, concerned.

"Well, I've lived with Bryce for twenty years. He doesn't have any feelings for me." It depressed Gabrielle to think of Bryce. 7

For a moment, Sloane was struck. She didn't know what to say. Did Gabrielle think of Bryce as something more than a brother? Yes.

She knew how much Gabrielle liked him. On her thirteenth birthday, she had secretly wished to marry Bryce upon growing up.

As far as Gabrielle could tell, Mrs. Jones had deliberately let her know that she was adopted. She wanted Gabrielle to forever be obliged to them for their kindness. However, falling in love with Bryce was definitely the wrong way to pay them back. 2

It was a pity that Bryce treated her just like a sister, with no intention of starting a relationship with her. All this time, she had just been suppressing her feelings for him in the name of sisterhood.

"Gabrielle, well... Just don't mention Bryce. It's his misfortune that he doesn't want a girl like you. He rather wants a girl like Nellie, an expert at pretense. Don't worry about him. He will regret his decisions in the future." Sloane tried to comfort Gabrielle. 3

But it didn't work.

After all, Gabrielle had lived with Bryce for twenty years! She had feelings for him for over ten years now. It was impossible to give him up in such a short time.

"Sloane, it's late. Why don't you go to bed?" Gabrielle changed the topic abruptly. She knew Sloane cared a lot about sleeping on time. She must be up for the same old reason...

"I just brought that bastard back from the bar. He was so drunk and fell unconscious! I just put him to bed!" Sloane said with resentment.

"Sloane, is he drinking again? Are you okay?" Gabrielle was also worried about Sloane.

The two of them were experiencing similar misery. Sloane had a very lousy brother.

"He always calls me to clean up his mess whenever he is drunk, like a lunatic. The bartender called me, but it must be him who instructed the bartender. Otherwise, who would dare to touch his phone?" Sloane sneered.

He was a man who would kill anyone who touched his possessions without his permission.

Chapter 10 Treat Her As A Servant

Gabrielle struggled again to fall asleep that night. By dawn, she was already up. She looked around to find Westley, but sure enough he hadn't come into the room the entire night.

Gabrielle folded her blanket, quickly freshened up to go downstairs. She had barely gotten any sleep and was exhausted.

As soon as she opened the door of the room, she bumped into a hard chest.

"Ow!" exclaimed Gabrielle and rubbed her forehead. She looked up to see Westley looking at her discontentedly.

"Good morning, Westley." Gabrielle greeted Westley, still shook from bumping into him. Did the man have rocks tied to his chest?

"Gabrielle, can't you keep your eyes open while walking?"

Westley couldn't believe how she managed to ruin his mood so quickly every single time!

He was already unhappy to see her, and her clumsiness made her even more annoying.

Remy had called him to ask if Gabrielle had

recovered from the fever.

Since she was hopping around so early in the morning, it seemed that her fever was gone.

"I'm sorry, Westley. I didn't realize you would be here... you didn't knock at the door..."

"Gabrielle, have you forgotten who is the owner of this villa? Do I need to knock to enter my own room?" Westley gave her one of his regular death stares.

Gabrielle felt choked. He was right. Why would he knock to move around his own villa?

"Okay, go downstairs now. Neil will tell you what to do."

Westley sneered.

"What do you mean?"

"I told you that I will not feed an irrelevant, idle person in this villa. Do not think you'll be treated like a hostess. And next time, remember what I tell you. Don't always act so dumb!" 4

Westley then entered the room and slammed it shut, pushing her outside. 8

Gabrielle blinked in the shock of the loud bang.

Shrugging off the feeling, she went downstairs.

She saw Neil standing in the living room with an apron.

"Miss Jones, this is for you. Mr. Morris has directed me to inform you that from now on you need to clean the villa. I'm so sorry..."

When Westley said he didn't want idlers in the villa, did he mean that she would be a servant here?

In truth, Gabrielle didn't mind. She used to clean the Jones home. Mrs. Morris did not treat her well. She was treated like a servant so she could always be reminded of the gap between her and Bryce. Mrs. Morris wanted her to harbor no dreams of being with him.

"I will do it, Neil. You don't have to apologize to me. It's a piece of cake!" Gabrielle gave Neil a faint smile.

After all, it was Westley's idea. He wanted to make things difficult on purpose. Poor Neil was only following orders.

She was well aware of Westley's intentions. The man would go to any lengths to trouble her.

"This is your tool. You can start wiping the

tables and chairs." Neil gave her a basin of water and a washcloth. He had given her the easiest job.

While Gabrielle started cleaning, Miley and her butler came to the villa with a lot of gifts. When Miley saw Gabrielle wearing an apron and wiping the tables, she was shocked.

"Gabrielle, what are you doing? And why are you doing it?" asked Miley, shocked.

Gabrielle was shocked by her sudden appearance. She almost dropped the washcloth. Looking back at Miley, she greeted her politely.

"Grandma, you're early! Have a seat." Gabrielle helped Miley settle into the sofa.

"Madam, why didn't you inform me you were coming?" asked Neil, worried and scared. She must have been angry seeing Gabrielle cleaning the house like a maid!

"Neil, you've been working in Morris family for so many years. I sent you to take care of Westley and Gabrielle because I trust you. How could you ask Gabrielle to clean? What use are all the other servants if the hostess of the villa has to do all this?" Miley scolded Neil.

What could Neil say?

"Madam, have a cup of tea first." Neil hurried to serve her tea, unsure of how he would handle this situation.

Miley stared at him with a straight face but didn't take the teacup. He really thought he could get away with it, huh?

"Grandma, please have some tea first." Gabrielle immediately took the teacup from Neil and handed it to Miley.

"I don't want to drink tea. I'm angry with you too, Gabrielle! Why are you working? Has Westley been bullying you?" When Miley thought back to how Westley had treated Gabrielle in Morris' Mansion, she realized it was possible he was still treating her badly.

"Grandma, Westley is not bullying me. I don't think there are enough people here today. And I was free, so I thought I'll wipe the table. It's not heavy work..."

It doesn't matter," Gabrielle tried to explain.

"Is that true?" Miley felt a little better, but pretended she was still angry.

"Of course it's true, Grandma. I wouldn't lie to you." Gabrielle smiled sweetly.

"Gabrielle, this work should be left for the servants. You are the hostess. Even if you

have time, no need to spend it like this. If you are short of helping hands, just tell me."

Gabrielle's sweet smile made Miley feel better.

"Rylan!"

"Yes, Madam." Rylan, the butler, walked closer to Miley.

"Call Morris' Mansion and ask them to send two maids here. And make sure they are smart and sensible." ②

"Okay, Madam."

"There's no need, Grandma!" Gabrielle shook her head and refused immediately. She was afraid Westley would think she had asked Miley to send new maids on purpose so she wouldn't have to work!

"Grandma, what brings you here so early?" A clear, heavy voice filled the air.

Gabrielle turned around and saw Westley coming down the stairs.

He was wearing a crisp white shirt and black pants, looking classically handsome. But his face had a complex expression. Gabrielle avoided looking into his eyes.

"What brings me here? I think you've forgotten what day it is. You are supposed to

pay a visit to Gabrielle's parents today. I knew you wouldn't have prepared any gifts, so I brought some..." Miley's face softened when she saw her handsome grandson.

"Who said we are going for a visit today?" said Westley in a cold and determined tone.

He knew what he was supposed to do by custom, but he would never do it with Gabrielle. Gabrielle, too, was well aware.

After all, the woman he was supposed to marry was Nellie, and if he had to pay the visit, he would rather visit the Collins.

Gabrielle was a substitute and wasn't his real wife. Why did he have to visit her home?

Hearing Westley's question, Miley's anger burst again. "Westley! What nonsense! Gabrielle is your wife. You have to accompany her to her parents' house on the third day after the wedding. Don't you know this is a custom? Have you forgotten your own traditions and culture?"

"No, I will never forget our customs. But Gabrielle is just a substitute bride. When Nellie comes back, I will pay a visit to Collins with her." Westley completely ignored Miley's words, determined upon his decision.

Chapter 11 Helena Collins

It would have been fine if Wesley hadn't mentioned Nellie because Miley's blood pressure surged at the mere mention of her name.

"Don't mention her name in front of me again. After all, did she treat the Morris with respect? No! Besides, Gabrielle is your wife and I will only accept her as my granddaughter-in-law," Miley said firmly.

"Grandma, please don't be so angry. It's okay that we don't visit my parents today; besides, they aren't expecting any special treatment anyway." Gabrielle tried to placate Miley because she didn't want them to have an argument because of her. More importantly, she didn't want anything bad to happen to Miley.

"Gabrielle, you're a good girl. Go back to your room and change into something nice. I need to have a few words with Westley. Don't worry, I have the right to make a decision in this house. I won't let anyone bully you," Miley said in a soft voice. 16

Gabrielle felt upset, mainly because she didn't want Miley to fight her battles for her as it would only make Westley angrier.

Just as she had expected, Westley squinted

his eyes at Gabrielle angrily, sending shivers down her spine.

"Gabrielle, didn't you hear what I said?" Miley pretended to be angry when she saw that Gabrielle still hadn't moved from her place.

"Grandma, I'm going upstairs now." Gabrielle didn't say anything more and went upstairs obediently, glancing at Westley as she left.

His eyes were cold, hard, and dark gazing out at her. ②

They carried clear implications of warning to Gabrielle.

"Westley, I am going to pretend as though I didn't hear what you had just said. Let's start over. It's already the third day after Gabrielle was married into the Morris. I want you to go to her parents' home with her. I've already taken care of the gifts you need to bring there with you. Don't bring disgrace to our family. Do you hear me?" Miley's words were delivered with great seriousness.

"Grandma, as I have said before, I am not going to visit the Jones with Gabrielle. I will only go to the Collins if I have any in-laws to visit," said Westley with an arrogant look on his face. ⑤

"Have you lost your mind? Nellie is the one

who abandoned you before the wedding. You may not feel embarrassed, but the Morris cannot afford to be humiliated like that. The Collins has disrespect our entire family. Why do you still insist on siding with Nellie? I know that the Morris owes a lot to the Collins, but you have done enough to repay them in all these years. It's time to move on. You shouldn't have..." 14

"Grandma, I can't possibly compensate them enough for what happened to Helena in this lifetime," Westley interrupted Miley impatiently.

"Helena's death was an accident." Miley couldn't bear to see Westley spend the rest of his life in the shadow of Helena Collins' death.

"Helena died because of me!" Westley gritted his teeth to stop himself from raising his voice. The fire in his eyes showed just how much pain he was in due to what had happened to Helena.

Suddenly, Miley fell silent, struggling to find the words to respond with.

"Even if Helena died because of you, it was an accident. The Collins has used her death to make many ridiculous requests to you over the years and you've always complied without question. You even agreed to marry Nellie, but she's the one who broke the

agreement now. Why are you still defending her and the Collins?" Miley was furious. 11

Just talking about the Collins left a bad taste in Miley's mouth. Ever since Helena died, the Collins had been taking advantage of Wesley like blood-sucking leeches, asking for literally anything of him.

As such, Miley had lost all her respect for Nellie and her family. 11

In fact, Miley was the happiest to hear that Nellie had run away from the wedding and the moment she laid eyes on Gabrielle, who happened to be a temporary substitute found by Westley, Miley grew fond of her almost immediately. 1

"Grandma, I don't want to talk about this anymore as I don't want you to get so worked up." Westley took a deep breath as he wanted to end the discussion then and there. 1

"If you don't want me to be angry, go back to Jones today. It has to be today." Miley softened her tone as well.

"Grandma, I have an important meeting to attend to. I don't have time for this." Needless to say, Westley had no intentions of going to visit the Jones with Gabrielle.

"Stop right there!" Miley commanded as soon as she realized what his intentions were.

"Rylan! Call the board of directors on my behalf! Tell them to cancel all of Westley's meetings today. Then call Wilson and ask him to get back here in two days and take over Westley's position in the company for a month!" Miley's blunt words proved effective. ¹⁴

Westley clenched his fists and turned around to face Miley immediately.

"Grandma, My brother has enough problems to deal with right now. There's no need to bother him. I promise that I will take Gabrielle to see her parents and family today, okay?" said Westley reluctantly. ⁶

Miley finally settled down, satisfied to hear those words from her grandson. 'An aged ginger is more pungent, ' she thought to herself.

"Why didn't you just agree with me earlier? I want you to look happy when you visit them. I'll have someone bring the gifts to your car." Miley immediately called Neil over and asked him to have someone take the gifts she had prepared to Westley's car.

"Westley, I want you to treat Gabrielle with the same respect a decent man would give his wife. Treat her well. She is not your enemy," Miley reminded Westley.

They may not have been enemies, but the

relationship they had was far worse.

Since Bryce could take away Nellie, it was not wrong for him to take her to suffer for Bryce's crime.

The Jones was indeed shameless and cunning.

After getting changed, Gabrielle didn't dare to go downstairs for a long time, fearing that she would get caught between Miley and Westley's argument.

Fortunately, silence permeated the atmosphere and soon enough there was even a strange sense of harmony in the living room.

"Grandma, I'm ready!" Gabrielle walked to Miley obediently.

"My, my, Gabrielle, you look so beautiful. Westley is going to take you to see your family." Miley looked at Gabrielle with satisfaction.

Gabrielle looked absolutely beautiful in a blue dress which suited her fair skin very well.

"I've already told the Jones that you two will be visiting them today. Westley, take care of Gabrielle." Miley cast a warning glance at Westley.

Westley was at his wit's end with his grandmother. Deep down, he wished he could just throw Gabrielle out of the car on the way to the Jones' residence, so he could get back to his work at the company. However, Miley seemed to have crushed all of his plans.

"Let's go, Gabrielle," said Westley coldly, as he turned around and walked out of the door.

"Gabrielle, Westley can appear to be harsh sometimes, but his heart is in the right place. He may seem unwavering right now, but soon enough, his heart will soften to you. As a child, whenever he would come across stray dogs or cats, he would buy them food and bring them to the shelter. Just be patient with him. I believe he'll warm up to you in no time." 4

Miley had a lot of confidence in Gabrielle.

Did she really expect Gabrielle to be the one to soften Westley's hardened heart?

Gabrielle, however, knew herself well enough to know that she couldn't do it.

"Well, you'd better go now. Don't make Westley wait too long. You should be happy since you two are finally going to visit your parents together today." Miley's words comforted Gabrielle.

Chapter 12 You Are Disgusting

Gabrielle wasted no time and went down to join Westley in the car. Just as she had expected, as soon as she saw him, he cast her a cold glare from the driver's seat. ②

The moment she opened the door, she felt numb as cold shivers ran up and down her body.

"Westley, I'm sorry that you had wait for me. Gabrielle fastened her seat belt immediately and kept silent as she didn't want to annoy him anymore. ②

"Gabrielle, are you happy now?"

Westley's cold voice froze Gabrielle.

Was she irritating Westley again?

"Westley, I don't understand what you are talking about." ②

Gabrielle turned to look at his face and found his lips pursed tightly which implied that he was indeed furious. ①

She knew why Westley was angry, but she chose to pretend to be clueless.

It was never a good thing to be too smart in front of him.

"Really? Gabrielle, you really are something!

You can put on a good show in front of my grandmother, but you don't have to put up an act in front of me. I know who you are and you disgust me!" Without even considering Gabrielle's feelings at all, he uttered the harshest words to her. 4

After all, it was Bryce who took Nellie away from him. Why couldn't he make Gabrielle suffer a little?

Besides, there wasn't even a single person he respected in the entire Jones.

Gabrielle knew that her brother had eloped with Westley's fiancée, but he did so out of their mutual willingness. It was the responsibility of Bryce and Nellie together. Why did he blame Bryce alone when Nellie was also the one to be blamed?

"Westley, I know that you don't want to see my family. If you want I can just get off here and I'll tell your grandmother that I don't want to go," Gabrielle said angrily.

She had been silently enduring his abuse for so long, not because she didn't have any self-respect, but because she wanted to make it up to Westley on her brother's behalf. Moreover, she didn't want to have any conflicts with Westley. 2

Unfortunately, this time he had crossed the line and she could no longer keep her temper at bay.

Westley glanced at her coldly. "Do I look stupid to you? Do you think I can't see that you're going to spin up some sob story to my grandmother about how I bullied you again? Were you going to tell her that I was the one who forced you to say that?"

"Westley, I don't want to argue with you anymore. You can either let me down here or you can drop me off at the nearest intersection once you get out of Vineyard Villa, so I can go back to my family by myself," Gabrielle replied in a bitter tone.

Despite her usual good demeanor, she couldn't bear to hear such harsh words from Westley again and again.

"Gabrielle, are you planning on giving my grandmother more reasons to scold me?" said Westley, gritting his teeth in anger.

Miley had already spoken to Tobias Jones on the phone earlier on. If Westley didn't show up at their home with Gabrielle, all hell would break loose.

"It's not like you haven't dropped me in the middle of nowhere me before," Gabrielle murmured.

"What did you say?"

"Nothing! Do you want me to go and talk to your Grandma?"

Suddenly, Gabrielle softened her tone and looked back at him gently.

This time, however, Westley didn't utter another word. Instead, he snorted in anger and started the car.

As they drove out the main gate of the Vineyard Villa, Miley stood in front of the French window and watched the black car disappear into traffic with a slight smirk at the corners of her mouth.

"Madam, I made you some ginseng tea."

Neil called out to her softly, carrying a tray in his hands.

Miley sat down to have some tea and looked at Neil thoughtfully. "Neil, you've been with the Morris for many years now. You've practically watched Westley grow up into the man he is today with your own eyes. What do you think of Gabrielle?"

"Madam, Mrs. Morris is a very gentle and kind-hearted girl." Neil would not deliberately praise or belittle a person without good reason.

Gabrielle had only stayed there for two days and Neil already had a good idea about what kind of a person she was.

"Is she a good match for Westley? That boy can be so arrogant sometimes. Although he is kind by nature, he can come off as unapproachable on the surface. I'm afraid that he will end up hurting Gabrielle. Since you're always here, I want you to look after Gabrielle,"

Miley said seriously.

"Madam, don't worry. I will."

"Is that so? Then why did you ask Gabrielle to do those things? Did you think that I wouldn't find out? It's obvious that Westley must have forced Gabrielle to do it." Upon mentioning this, Miley became a little angry and her glare became sharp.

"Madam, I'm sorry about that. Mr. Morris only married Mrs. Morris because of the Jones..."

"How can he blame Gabrielle for what Bryce and Nellie did? Gabrielle had nothing to do with it. As the saying goes, it takes two to tango. We both know that Bryce couldn't have forced Nellie, because Nellie would have killed Bryce without a doubt." Miley knew the Collins very well. 3

Indeed, it was true that Helena died because of Westley, but that didn't mean that he would be at the mercy of the Collins for the rest of his life.

As long as she was alive, she would never let the Collins take advantage of Westley again. After all, it was clear to her that the Collins wouldn't stop until they had swallowed Westley and the Morris Group whole.

"It seems that you really like Mrs. Morris," Neil said, smiling from ear to ear.

It was clear to him that Miley must have really liked Gabrielle since she was so keen to protect her.

"Gabrielle is quite pleasing, isn't she?" Miley's face softened.

"Yes, Mrs. Morris is very kind and gentle. She is quite pleasing," ²

Neil answered honestly.

Miley was famous for her ability to see through people. It was less likely for her to misjudge a person.

As such, there was no reason for her to think that Gabrielle wasn't a good person.

"I hope that Westley will open his eyes soon before he does something regretful." Miley

smiled. ⑤

Since all she wanted was for her children and grandchildren to be happy, she sincerely hoped that Westley could see what a good girl Gabrielle was instead of pushing her away.

"Madam, I trust that Mr. Morris will come to his senses soon."

"Where did they sleep on the night of their wedding?" Miley asked directly. ①

Considering the relationship between Westley and Gabrielle, Miley knew it was almost impossible for them to sleep in the same room.

Neil didn't expect Miley to throw such a direct question at him like that and he looked back at her with some embarrassment.

"Well, your silence is answer enough for me. Besides, I knew they would be living separately for now." Miley had expected that.

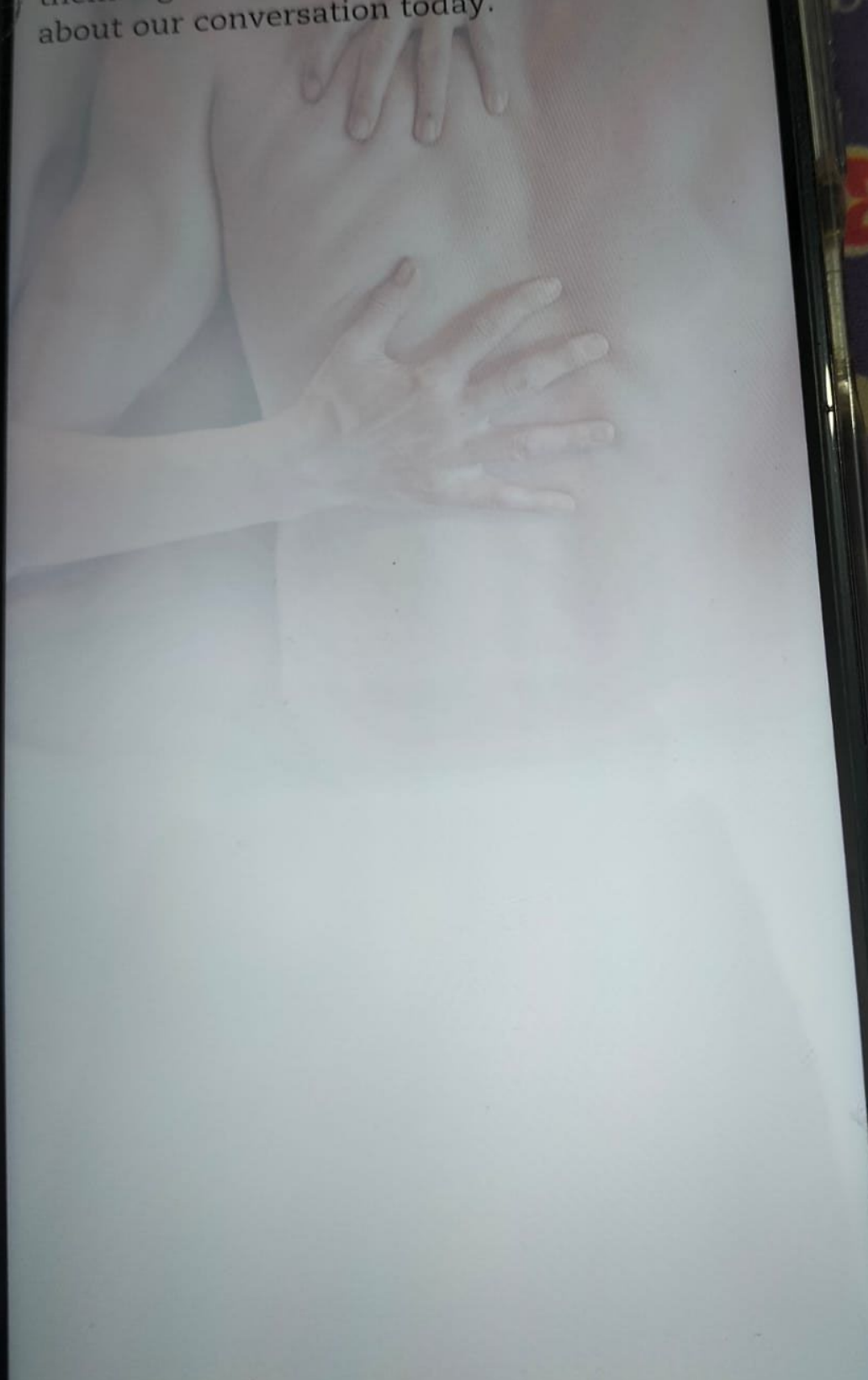
"Yes, you are right. They have been sleeping in separate rooms. What would you like me to do, Madam?"

The butler wondered whether Miley was eager to have a great grandson.

Miley contemplated in silence for a while and

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then waved her hand. "For now, I don't want you to do anything. I'll come by and visit them again later. Don't let Westley know about our conversation today."



Chapter 13 You Don't Deserve To Be My Sister

They did not speak a word to each other on the way until the car arrived at the gate of the Jones. Needless to say, Gabrielle didn't dare to open her mouth in front of Westley because she was afraid that he would throw her out of the car if she had said something to irk him.

Besides, Westley had no intentions of talking to Gabrielle either so the atmosphere in the car was quiet and uncomfortable.

Fortunately, they arrived at their destination soon enough.

As soon as the car stopped in front of their gate, Tobias led his wife, Wendy Carter and a beautiful young girl to welcome them.

The moment Gabrielle saw the girl's face, a twinge of disappointment clouded her happiness. ¹

She was Wendy's niece and Bryce's cousin, Mindy Carter. The woman was snobbery incarnate. The only thing she was good at was flattering the rich and belittling the poor.

Of course, she hated Gabrielle very much.

After all, the fact that Gabrielle, an adopted

daughter of the Jones, was more beautiful than she was, gave Mindy enough reason to hate her.

"Westley, you are finally here. You must be tired from driving all the way here." Tobias immediately greeted Westley with a big smile.

Westley responded, however, by simply nodding his head without even the slightest bit of enthusiasm on his face.

Tobias' face fell in embarrassment as though someone had poured a bucket of cold water on his head, but he still kept a smile on his face.

"Westley, you must be tired. Let's go inside, so you can have a rest."

Tobias immediately brushed aside Westley's rude behavior with a friendly suggestion.

Gabrielle sneered in her heart, 'It's not a big deal at all. The drive from here to the Vineyard Villa is less than one hour. How can he be tired?' 2

It was clear to her that Westley had no intentions of warming up to the Jones.

"Hello, Westley. It's very nice to meet you. I'm Mindy Carter, the cousin of the Jones, but you can call me Mindy!" With a big smile on

her face, Mindy rushed to Westley's side and introduced herself.

Westley's perfect figure and handsome face, coupled with his identity as the CEO of the Morris Group, made him the Mr. Right for all the women in the city; the best choice to marry in every woman's heart.

Mindy was no different and she couldn't pass on such an opportunity to draw his attention.

The way Mindy tried her best to please the powerful and rich made Gabrielle sick to her stomach.

"Miss Carter, we are not familiar with each other yet. You are the cousin of the Jones, not the Morris." Westley turned down Mindy's 'friendly' approaches with a cold response.

Mindy's face froze. When she heard that Westley and Gabrielle were coming to visit the Jones today, she had been anxiously waiting to meet him in person.

Gabrielle was the one person she despised most in the whole world. Not only because she was adopted, but also because Gabrielle secretly liked Bryce and wanted to be with him. 5

Moreover, Mindy's hatred towards Gabrielle grew stronger when she ended up getting married to Westley.

When Mindy had urged her aunt Wendy to find a man for her, she had no idea that Gabrielle would end up marrying the man every woman in the city desired. What a stroke of luck! ⑤

"Westley, I... I'm Gabrielle's cousin. You're her husband and my brother-in-law now. Can I call you my brother-in-law?" Mindy softened her tone to please Westley. ②

Wow!

If it weren't for the fact that she desperately wanted to get close to Westley, Mindy would have never considered calling Gabrielle her cousin. After all, what could be more shameful and humiliating than to be related to Gabrielle?

"Is she really your cousin?" Needless to say, Westley could tell that Mindy was just trying to flatter him on purpose.

He could never bring himself to like a woman with such an obsequious personality.

As such, he hurled the question at Gabrielle because he could easily sense a disparity between the two women.

"Gabrielle! I am your cousin, your younger sister! Am I right?" Mindy looked at Gabrielle with wide eyes and the tone of her voice was

painfully coy. Her eyes were sending the message that if Gabrielle had denied it in front of Westley, she would never forgive her for the rest of her life. ¹

"She is my brother's cousin. It's quite hot out here. Why don't we go inside?" Gabrielle didn't confirm Mindy's question nor did she completely deny it to save her from total embarrassment.

Tobias respectfully led Westley into the house. When Gabrielle was about to step inside, Mindy grabbed her hand all of a sudden.

"Gabrielle, why did you insult me like that? Did you do it on purpose?" Mindy spoke through gritted teeth, stifling her anger.

Gabrielle, however, slowly pushed her hand away and gave Mindy an indifferent glance. "Mindy, if you want to suck up to Westley, it's up to you, but if you don't have the ability to please him, don't be mad at me. I only spoke the truth. You are my brother's cousin, not mine. You've made that clear to me before. I have no interest in being related to you." ²⁶

Gabrielle seemed like someone who could be easily bullied, but in truth, she was like a spring. The more she was pressed, the harder she pushed back.

If someone treated her well, she would double her gratitude and if someone treated her badly, she wouldn't hesitate to fight fire with fire.

Mindy's hostility towards Gabrielle was born out of the fact that Gabrielle was just an outsider who was picked up from the orphanage by the Jones. When she came to find that Gabrielle had romantic feelings for Bryce, Mindy wanted to renounce the woman from the Jones.

After all, what did Gabrielle do for the Jones in return of raising her and giving her a good life? She paid them back with ungratefulness and disrespect. 7

"Gabrielle, all of a sudden you think you're some kind of a big shot now that you're married to Westley, huh? But I know the truth! Westley only married you because his fiancée eloped with Bryce and he had no choice but to take you as his bride. When that woman comes back into his life, you will have no place in his home. You are destined to become a married woman who will be abandoned by your own husband. How pitiful!" Mindy didn't hold back on the unpleasant words she hurled at Gabrielle. After all, she wouldn't be satisfied if she didn't belittle her.

"Mindy, my life is of no concern to you. I don't need you to worry about me," said

Gabrielle coldly. 3

"Gabrielle, you..."

"Mindy, what are you doing there?" When Wendy came out again and saw the two quarreling again, she immediately pulled a long face.

After all, Westley had already gone inside and they were still quarreling. She didn't want him to think that the Jones was mistreating Gabrielle.

No matter how Wendy felt about her, Gabrielle was now at least Westley's wife. And he had accompanied her for the visit which was a traditional rite for newly married couples. It was clear to see that the man somewhat cared about Gabrielle. 5

Wendy was almost certain that Westley would never accompany Gabrielle to meet the Jones under such circumstances. 1

After all, Gabrielle was just atoning for what Bryce had done. Besides, Gabrielle was only fulfilling the role of a substitute. How could she expect him to fulfill the traditional rite?

"Aunt, I'm not quarreling. It's Gabrielle who..."

"Mom, Mindy and I are just having fun. Don't worry about us." Gabrielle was always a good

daughter in front of Wendy. Since she spoke in such a soft voice, Wendy naturally had nothing to say.

"Mindy, Gabrielle, I know you two have been fighting since you were children, just don't make a scene here on this special day. Mindy, if you keep making trouble, I'll have to send you back home." Almost always, Wendy would take Mindy's side, but this time, she took Gabrielle's side for Westley's sake. 4

"Mom, I'll go inside first," Gabrielle said as she stepped inside.

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Gabrielle's calm face infuriated Mindy.

"Auntie, why are you on Gabrielle's side today? You love me the most, don't you?" Mindy was so angry she wanted to stamp her feet. 4

Every time she bullied Gabrielle, she was backed by Wendy. That made Mindy be unscrupulously mean to Gabrielle. Because her aunt was on her side, she didn't have to fear the consequences!

"I love you the most, Mindy. But you know today is Gabrielle and Westley's special day. What if Westley saw us bullying Gabrielle together?"

Wendy tried to explain.

Mindy felt much better, reassured that her aunt was only favoring Gabrielle for today.

"But Aunt, are you really going to let Gabrielle be with Westley just like that?" Mindy muttered discontentedly.

"Why not?" Wendy glanced at Mindy, wondering what she was implying.

"But Aunt..."

"No 'but'. Let me tell you, Mindy, you will not try to destroy my plans. Understood?" Wendy knew what was on Mindy's mind. ③

The girl had been at odds with Gabrielle since they were both kids. She was purposely trying to show her down in front of Westley.

After warning her once, Wendy turned around and went inside the house, leaving Mindy alone with her complicated feelings.

'Gabrielle, you cannot be so lucky!' Mindy thought to herself, clenching her fists.

Once Wendy was inside, she put on a happy smile and looked at Westley cheerfully.

"Westley! Thank you so much for coming today. You must be so busy..." Westley found Wendy's over-friendliness annoying.

"Mrs. Jones, you clearly know the truth of my marriage with Gabrielle. I did not want to visit your household at all. I should be visiting the Jones. I'm only here because Grandma forced me." Westley meant no bullshit. His words were cold and direct. ③

The smile on Wendy's face froze. Her hands, which were about to pour tea for Westley, stopped mid-air.

But Westley was right. Their wedding was a

contract. She was not the woman he wanted to marry...

No wonder he didn't want to visit.

Wendy had expected that, which was why she was shocked when she heard from Miley in the morning.

Now she knew he had only agreed to come to respect Miley's wish. How could he hurt his grandmother, after all?

For him, this was just a formality.

"Of course, Westley. We weren't expecting you here at all, but it is our honor to host you." Wendy recomposed herself and flashed a big smile at Westley.

During the entire exchange, Gabrielle just stood on the side and watched Wendy coax Westley. She was embarrassed by her theatrics.

"Mrs. Jones, I have already told you to search for Bryce. Three days have passed. How is your search going?" Westley asked aggressively. ²

Tobias, who was sitting on the sofa with a cup of tea, almost choked. Both Wendy and Tobias became uncomfortable.

"Westley, I promised you I will find him, and

I have been looking for him, but... we don't have the resources your family has. We don't know about his whereabouts yet... please give us more time..."

Tobias was so nervous he wanted to kneel down and beg Westley.

But this 'demon of business' was cruel and indifferent to all. He did not treat anyone softly.

Those who offended him often invited their own death.

Tobias could imagine what would happen to Bryce when he was found.

That was why he was a little relieved that Bryce was not found yet. Every day away from here was a day away from death.

But he was furious at Bryce. There were so many women in the world! And yet, he had to take Westley's woman. Was he so bored from life that he wanted such deathly adventures?

"Mr. Jones, don't test my patience. If you do not want your family to be brought down to ashes, find your lousy son as soon as possible." Westley put it bluntly.

He knew exactly what Tobias was up to.

Did he really think he could solve the problem by dragging it?

Besides, Gabrielle was his captor now. With that kind of power, he would make the Jones dance on their tiptoes.

"Don't worry, Westley. I will send more people to look for him. I will make sure Miss Collins returns to you..." Tobias tried his best to stay calm, but there was cold sweat on his forehead.

"I hope you will keep your word. Otherwise, I will have to keep mine..."

"Westley, have some tea!" Gabrielle cut him in loudly, handing him a cup of tea. ²

Gabrielle had already urged him to send his men to search for Bryce and Nellie. But Westley had threatened her by saying if he did that she would see her brother's corpse. Afraid that he would say the same to Wendy, she thought it was best to interject.

After all, Bryce was the true heir to everything Tobias and Wendy had. It would kill them both if something happened to him.

"What do you think you're doing, Gabrielle?" Westley looked down at the forced cup of tea in his hand, then at Gabrielle with a fierce expression.

Gabrielle was so nervous she didn't dare to look him in the eye.

"I just thought... you'd be thirsty so you'd like some tea..."

Gabrielle slowly looked up at him with a flattering smile.

"No, I don't like tea." Westley put down the cup with a clink, almost spilling it.

He knew why Gabrielle had interrupted him rudely.

She didn't want him to say anything mean to frighten Tobias or Wendy.

"Well, how about water, coffee or juice? I'll get you anything you want." Gabrielle would do anything to distract him from talking about Bryce.

"You don't have to fawn me, Gabrielle. Your obsequiousness is useless here." Westley didn't show any respect to Gabrielle even in front of her parents. But he did pick up a glass of water and took a few small sips to moisten his throat. It was indeed tiring to handle the Jones.

"Let me help you with some more..." Gabrielle picked up the water jug from the table. Westley wanted to punch her for her obedience, but he stood still with the glass of

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water as she poured water into it.



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Chapter 15 Deep Resentment

Gabrielle was obviously ingratiating Westley, but he didn't stop her because he wanted to see how long she could continue doing it. ③

He looked at her from head to toe as if scrutinizing her, thinking inwardly, 'It's a pity that she doesn't even know how hypocritical she looks while fawning over me.'

Wendy knew that Westley hated the Jones family. Of course, he also disliked Gabrielle because of that. But she didn't expect him to hate them this much.

He was not only unfriendly to her and to Tobias, but he was also cold and mean to Gabrielle.

She had originally planned to reap some benefits from Gabrielle, so she used Gabrielle to make atonement for Westley. ③

Gabrielle was beautiful anyway. As long as she worked hard, she could easily conquer a man's heart. At most, she only had to work a little harder to get a man like Westley.

But upon seeing his attitude now, it seemed that no matter how hard she tried, it wouldn't work on him.

If he was really angered, he could annihilate the entire Jones. Wendy couldn't just sit still and wait for it to happen. She needed to do something to protect the Jones family and Bryce.

"Westley, we will keep in mind everything you've just said. We will definitely find Bryce and Miss Collins as soon as possible. By the way, we have been talking for so long. Why don't we eat some fruits first?" As she spoke, Wendy put an apple and a fruit knife in Gabrielle's hands, hinting her to peel the apple for Westley.

Gabrielle was extremely reluctant, but she still pretended to be very willing.

"Gabrielle, you don't have to peel that. I don't eat any fruits peeled by someone else," Westley snapped, glancing at her coldly. He never cared to show respect for her at all. 6

Her hands froze for a moment. Then the corner of her mouth raised. "I'll peel it for myself then."

Knowing that Gabrielle was always good at playing innocent, Westley didn't bother to talk more.

"Since we have paid you a visit and delivered Miley's gift for you, I'll leave now." He stood up and prepared to leave. He had no

intention of staying any longer.

"Westley, let's have lunch first. I know that you and Gabrielle are coming today, so I've ordered our cook to prepare a special meal for you."

"I appreciate your kindness, Mrs. Jones. But lunch is not necessary," he said indifferently without hesitation.

Seeing how he rejected Wendy's invitation rudely made Gabrielle feel really uncomfortable.

Wendy was not her biological mother, but she had always respected her. After all, Wendy didn't mistreat her. Although Wendy let her do some household chores occasionally, she didn't take it against her.

Gabrielle was still in a daze when her phone suddenly rang. It happened to be an unfamiliar number, so she hesitated to answer it for a while. But then, she thought that it could be one of their customers in the jewelry shop. It must be important, so she couldn't just ignore it.

"Hello? This is Gabrielle," she answered.

"Gabrielle, this is Grandma." Miley's cheerful voice came through from the other end of the line.

She was a little stunned as she didn't expect to receive a call from Westley's grandmother.

"Hello, Grandma. What can I do for you?" she respectfully said, then subconsciously glanced at Westley.

He coincidentally looked at her too, so their eyes met. She avoided his gaze at once.

"Are you in the Jones' villa now?"

"Yes, Grandma. I arrived a while ago."

"Is Westley still there too?"

"Yes, he's here." If Miley called one minute later, Westley would have already driven away. After all, Gabrielle definitely couldn't stop him. And no one from the Jones family would dare to stop him either.

Asking him to enter the Jones family's villa was already enough to make him angry. If they forced him to stay and have lunch with them, he might set the entire house on fire in a fit of rage.

"Gabrielle, give your phone to Westley. I want to talk to him," Miley said in a gentle tone.

She liked Gabrielle so much, so she was always nice to her.

Gabrielle obediently handed the phone to

Westley. "It's Grandma."

Westley's expression darkened at once. He was obviously not happy. Even his eyes turned colder when he looked at her.

Gabrielle knew why he gave her such kind of look, but she didn't call his grandmother first and she had nothing to do with this.

Completely ignoring the innocent look in her eyes, Westley took the phone from her and walked out of the house.

"Hi, Grandma. What's up?" Westley casually said while standing in the yard. His voice was cold, but his tone was much gentler.

"Westley, I'm glad that you're still there. I thought that Gabrielle has lied to me. It's your first time to visit the Jones with her today. Make sure to have lunch with them. And if possible, stay there overnight," Miley urged. ②

"Grandma, I'm actually about to leave. I have something else to do."

"What? Do you want me to call Wilson back? Or you are deliberately pissing me off." Miley immediately made a fuss. ②

Westley couldn't help rolling his eyes. She was using Wilson to threaten him again. Couldn't she think of something new?

However, he always didn't have the heart to refuse her.

In fact, aside from forcing the Jones, one of the reasons why he decided to marry Gabrielle temporarily was to make his grandmother happy. She had not been feeling well these days, and he knew that seeing him getting married would delight her.

"Okay, Grandma. I promise, I will stay here with Gabrielle," he agreed without hesitation.

Miley's lips immediately curved into a smile. "That's good. I know that your relationship with Gabrielle is not deep. But you need to slowly cultivate it. You can't do things in a hurry, and I understand that. If you don't want to stay overnight, you can leave after lunch. I just want you to leave a good impression on the Jones."

Westley snorted inwardly. 'Leave a good impression on the Jones?'

No way! It is the Jones who owes me.'

If anyone from the Jones pissed him off, he could immediately make them all disappear from Antawood.

But he had to grant Miley's request because he knew that it would make her happy.

As for cultivating his relationship with Gabrielle, he didn't have any plan. She would have to get out of his life as soon as Nellie came back. Why did he have to waste time cultivating his relationship with a substitute? Besides, only Miley treated her as a granddaughter-in-law. 5

"Westley, did you hear what I said? Don't make the Morris lose face in front of your in-laws." This time, Miley raised her voice, and she sounded really serious.

"Grandma, I am also a Morris. I won't do anything to disgrace our family," Westley assured her with a smile.

"Well, it's good that you still remember your last name." Obviously, Miley's mood lightened up upon hearing what he said.

When Westley walked out of the house, everyone the living room seemed much more relaxed.

Gabrielle took a bite of the apple to calm herself down, but Wendy suddenly grabbed it from her.

"Mom..." She looked up at Wendy in confusion, only to see Wendy fuming with rage.

They were in the Jones' villa, but Westley

didn't show any respect to them at all. How could Wendy not be angry?

"Gabrielle, how can you still eat? You've been married to Westley for three days now, but he still treats you with such attitude. Shouldn't you be reflecting on yourself?" She looked at Gabrielle with disappointment in her eyes. ²

Gabrielle understood what she meant but pretended to be clueless. "Mom, why do I have to reflect on myself? I will be out of his life as soon as Bryce brings Nellie back, right? You've promised to find him immediately, remember?"

"Yes, we are looking for him. In fact, we never stopped. But the world is so big. Where on earth are we going to find him? There are billions of people in the world. Looking for him is like looking for a needle in a haystack," Wendy replied as her eyes flickered.

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